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MODERN PLAYWRIGHTS AND THEIR METHODS.

THERE is no branch of literature that has the same fascination for men of letters as playwriting. This is not astonishing, when one remembers that Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and the natural desire that must exist to emulate him; besides—and this, perhaps, is an equally powerful incentive—the amount of money earned in this calling far exceeds that made by authors in any other branch of literature. It is not uncommon for a dramatist to be in receipt of a hundred and twenty pounds a week from one theatre in London alone during the run of a successful piece, and the same author may have two or three such pieces running at the same time in the metropolis, as well as perhaps a dozen in America and the provinces.

It is a curious fact that our most eminent authors of modern times have almost invariably failed in dramatic work. In the case of a novelist this is not difficult to explain, the methods of construction being so dissimilar. Not only has he to learn a new art, but he is hampered by the knowledge of the art he knows. To take an example of this: in novel-writing, a great secret of success lies in the power to hoodwink one's audience—in a play the very reverse is the case, one must never deceive for a moment. But our poets have been as unsuccessful as our novelists. Plays by Browning or Shelley are never produced without the aid of their respective Societies; and though some of Lord Tennyson's pieces have certainly appeared at the Lyceum, it would be stretching a point to call him a successful playwright. Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats have also written plays, but venturesome indeed is the manager who puts them on the boards.

The men who claim our attention above all other modern dramatists from the literary point of view are undoubtedly the late Mr W. G. Wills, Mr W. S. Gilbert, and Mr A. W. Pinero. No two men could be more dissimilar in their natures and in their methods than Wills and

Gilbert, yet, curiously enough, these two went hand in hand some twenty years ago, in introducing blank-verse plays to a stage almost entirely given up to burlesque. Wills, as the older man, was the pioneer, and started writing some ten years before Gilbert; but it took nine out of these ten years for him to obtain a hearing. In later years, Gilbert has almost entirely given up writing poetic dramas, having found a so much richer vein of gold in comic opera; but he has always been indignant with a public which insisted upon treating him as a humorist only. Wills remained a blank-verse writer to the day of his death, his last great work, written a year or two ago, on the subject of the Arthurian legends, being now in Mr Irving's possession, and shortly to be produced at the Lyceum. Those who have had the pleasure of reading this play in manuscript pronounce it to be the best of his creations, and even more beautiful and pathetic than his *Charles I.* or *Olivia*.

W. G. Wills was born at Castlecomer, County Kilkenny, in 1828. He was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, but never graduated. Still—and in his case this was perhaps of more importance—he gained the Vice-chancellor's prize for English verse. It is not generally known that he was an artist; but before he became engrossed in dramatic work, he was one of some eminence, and painted several members of the Royal Family. His 'Ophelia and Laertes,' one of the most beautiful of modern pictures, shows clearly that he would have been one of the first painters of his day had not circumstances altered his career. In character, Wills greatly resembled his fellow-countryman Goldsmith—in fact, he was a thorough-going bohemian of so pronounced a type, that his living in the nineteenth century struck one as being almost an anachronism. He was also a man of genius, and, as Carlyle says of men of genius, he made his own atmosphere. He was very unmethodical in his work, and would write like Pope on the backs of envelopes or any scraps of paper that might be lying handy. These scraps were attached together anyhow,

and were usually thrown into a large wickerwork clothes-basket till the play was finished, when they were sorted out and copied by some one of his friends. He never kept a regularly paid secretary, but always had a host of admirers, who were only too ready to write to his dictation, and so feel, like the Indian servant Kipling so amusingly describes in his preface to *Black and White*, that they had a hand in the work. The result of these erratic habits was that Wills constantly mislaid his manuscripts; in fact, on more than one occasion lost them completely. I remember once I unearthed from an old box that served the purposes of a dust-bin three acts and part of the fourth of a play called *Merry and Wise*, which is still unacted. When I showed it to Wills, he was greatly delighted. 'My dear fellow,' he exclaimed, 'you have done me the greatest service in the world. This is one of the best plays I ever wrote, and I thought I had lost it years ago.'

Perhaps no literary man ever chose more extraordinary places than Wills for the purposes of composition. His favourite place, and the one in which he always used to assure his friends his best work was done, was a warm bath. Warm baths being not always procurable, and if indulged in too much, being somewhat unhealthy, Wills would betake himself to bed as being the next most congenial place, and would, when the humour seized him, lie there for days writing. The greater part of *Charles I.* was composed in bed; and about the writing of it, he used to tell an amusing story. The fourth act, which, as originally written, dealt with the execution of the king, was not approved of by Mr Henry Irving, who suggested the germ of the act as it now stands. Wills was delighted with the new idea, and went to bed immediately full of poetic ardour. In the course of the day his landlady came up to see him, and was much upset when she saw the state he was in—tears were coursing down his cheeks, and he looked the picture of misery. 'It was with great difficulty,' said Wills, 'that I persuaded her that I was not suffering from some personal bereavement.'

Wills was never able to write the pathetic passages in his plays without crying like a child, and on this occasion he was writing the king's farewell to his wife, before being led out to execution. One has only to read the passage to see the composition of it must have occasioned the deepest feeling:

Oh, my loved solace on my thorny road,
Sweet clue in all my labyrinth of sorrow,
What shall I leave to thee?
To thee I do consign my memory!
Oh, banish not my name from off thy lips
Because it pains awhile in naming it,
Harsh grief doth pass in time into far music,
Red-eyed regret that waiteth upon sorrow
Will daily grow a gentle, dear companion,
And hold sweet converse with thee of thy dead.
I fear me, I may sometime fade from thee,
That when the heart expelleth gray-stoled grief,
I live no longer in thy memory.
Oh, keep my place in it for ever green,
All hung with the immortelles of thy love,
That sweet abiding in thine inner thought,
I long for more than sculptured monument
Or proudest record 'mong the tombs of kings.

In contrast to most dramatists, who generally

write in the evening, Wills was in the habit of beginning work as early as five in the morning and continuing till noon. He rarely did any writing after twelve, when he would adjourn to his studio and paint till dusk. Wills never wrote his plays straight through from beginning to end: after completing the *scenario*, he might begin writing the last scene of the last act, or he might begin in the middle or any other part of the work as the whim seized him. If there were any method in his madness at all, it lay in the fact that he liked to get the important scenes done first, but he was not regular even in doing this. He rarely corrected his work. If the inspiration did not come at the proper time, he either laid the play on one side or did it very badly. Some of his most beautiful lines were written straight off, and never altered—all he seemed to require was a pencil and a piece of paper. He had the greatest contempt for matters of detail, and his characters or their position on the stage at any given moment were simple matters of imagination to him as he sat in a chair. He much disliked realism. In this and other phases of his character he was distinctly opposed to the scientific attitude of the day. His contemporaries, with few exceptions, have distinct models for their characters, which they study microscopically from life; and since Sardou first conceived the idea, they even construct miniature theatres, which are an exact model of the stage as it will appear when the piece is finally produced.

It is well known that Gilbert has one of these model theatres, also little blocks of wood, representing the characters, the men being a little taller than the women, which he can move about at will. Sardou, indeed, is so particular about accuracy of detail, that if he lays a scene of any of his plays in a particular town, he will pay a visit to that town and make a plan and take measurements, so that the spots represented are in exact proportion to their actual size, even to the breadths of the streets and the heights of the houses.

Owing to Wills's carelessness in these matters, it is extremely doubtful if his plays would have been as successful as they were, had it not been that, with few exceptions, they were produced by managers who were perfect masters in their own art. This no doubt accounts for the fact that Wills, after finishing and despatching a play, took very little further trouble, and rarely attended rehearsals.

Gilbert is as careful in rehearsing a piece as he is in composing it, and in carefulness of composition and minuteness of supervision during rehearsal. A. W. Pinero is almost as exacting. The latter's method of work is, however, in many respects different. Instead of preferring an arm-chair in a quiet study of his own, as Gilbert does, Pinero is known to compose best in the smoking-room of an hotel or any other place where there may be an accompaniment of chatter and noise. A very important difference, too, in their system of composition is this: Gilbert founds his plays upon some isolated idea; in other words, he begins with the plot, and the characters shape themselves from it. Pinero, on the other hand, founds his ideas or plots upon character. His habit is to go down to some country house or

rural inn, and after studying the people there, the plot naturally evolves itself from their characters. To be in the cast of a new play by Pinero is a liberal education to any young actor or actress. Having been an actor himself for many years, he knows thoroughly how his lines should be delivered, and will take the utmost pains to teach a novice how to speak them, however small his or her part may be. It is his habit to sit in the stalls; but he never stays there long. Every few minutes he will run up the orchestra steps and go through the part then under rehearsal, illustrating the business himself, which he thinks appropriate to his words.

With men who are as accurate as most of our well-known dramatists are, quick work is impossible. Pinero seldom writes more than two plays in a year; Mr Henry Arthur Jones, who is also extremely careful, seldom more than one. Wills, on the other hand, wrote very quickly; but his dramatic output was not very great, owing to the fact that he wrote poems and novels as well; besides his artistic work, which occupied no little portion of his time. Probably the most prolific writer in England is Mr Henry Pettitt. He once wagered a man that he would in seven days write, rehearse, and produce a play which would take an hour to act. He not only achieved this, but the play was a distinct success, and is, we believe, running in the provinces at the present time. Nobody knows how to appeal to popular feeling better than Pettitt. The finale of the first act of this play, we remember, roused the audience to frenzied applause. The villain of the piece is requesting the hero to do some ignoble action. 'I cannot,' replies the hero; to which the villain retorts, 'Why not?' 'Because,' the hero answers—and here the curtain descends quickly—'I am an Englishman!'

THE IVORY GATE.*

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XXI.—HE COMES FROM EDMUND GRAY.

'NOTHING,' said Athelstan, 'could possibly happen more fortunately. We have turned whispering conspirators into declared enemies. Now you are free to investigate in your own way without having to report progress every day.'

'About this new business about the letters and the things in the safe,' said Elsie. 'It looks to me like *diablerie*. Checkley couldn't do it. No conjurer in the world could do it. There must be somebody else in the office to do these things. They mean defiance. The forger says: "See—I do what I please with you. I return your letters addressed to Edmund Gray. I place placards about Edmund Gray in your safe—for which nobody has a key except yourself. Find me, if you can."'

'Yes; it's very mysterious.'

'A Person on Two Sticks might manage it. Very likely, he is concerned in the business. Or a boy under the table would be able to do it. Perhaps there is a boy under the table. There must be. Mr Dering's table is like the big bed

of Ware. I daresay fifty boys might creep under that table and wait there for a chance. But perhaps there is only one—a comic boy.'

'I should like to catch the joker,' said George. 'I would give him something still more humorous to laugh at.'

'If there is no comic boy—and no Person with Two Sticks,' Elsie continued, 'we are thrown back upon Checkley. He seems to be the only man who receives the letters and goes in and out of the office all day. Well—I don't think it is Checkley. I don't think it can be.—George, you once saw Mr Dering in a very strange condition, unconscious, walking about with open eyes seeing nobody. Don't you think that he may have done this more than once?'

'What do you mean, Elsie?'

'Don't you think that some of these things—things put in the safe, for instance, may have been put there by Mr Dering himself? You saw him open the safe. Afterwards, he knew nothing about it. Could he not do this more than once—might it be a habit?'

'Well—but if he puts the things in the safe—things that belong to Edmund Gray, he must know Edmund Gray. For instance, how did he get my note to Edmund Gray, left by me on his table in Gray's Inn? That must have been given to him by Edmund Gray himself.'

'Or by some friend of Edmund Gray. Yes; that is quite certain.'

'Come,' said Athelstan. 'This infernal Edmund Gray is too much with us. Let us leave off talking about him for a while. Let him rest for this evening.—Elsie, put on your things. We will go and dine somewhere, and go to the Play afterwards.'

They did so. They had the quiet little restaurant dinner that girls have learned of late to love so much—the little dinner, where everything seems so much brighter and better served than one can get at home. After the dinner they went to a Theatre, taking places in the Dress Circle, where, given good eyes, one sees quite as well as from the stalls at half the money. After the Theatre they went home, and there was an exhibition of tobacco and soda water. Those were very pleasant days in the Piccadilly lodgings, even allowing for the troubles which brought them about. Athelstan was the most delightful of brothers, and every evening brought its feast of laughter and of delightful talk. But all through the evening, all through the Play, Elsie saw nothing but Mr Dering and him engaged in daylight somnambulism. She saw him as George described him, opening the safe, closing it again, and afterwards wholly forgetful of what he had done.

She thought about this all night. Now, when one has a gleam or glimmer of an idea, when one wants to disengage a single thought from the myriads which cross the brain and to fix it and to make it clear, there is nothing in the world so good as to talk about it. The effort of finding words with which to drag it out makes it clearer. Every story-teller knows that the mere telling of a story turns his characters, who before were mere shadows, and shapeless shadows, into creatures of flesh and blood. Therefore, in the morning she began upon the thought which haunted her.

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'Athelstan,' she said, 'do you know anything about somnambulism?'

'I knew a man once in California who shot a grizzly when he was sleep-walking. At least, he said so. That's the sum of my knowledge on the subject.'

'I want to know if people often walk about in the daytime unconscious?'

'They do. It is called wool-gathering.'

'Seriously, Athelstan. Consider. George saw Mr Dering arrive in a state of unconsciousness. He saw nobody in the room. He opened the safe and placed some papers there. Then he locked the safe. Then he sat down at the window. Presently he awoke and became himself again. If he did that once, he might do it again.'

'Well? And then?'

'You heard yesterday about the letters and the placard and the Socialist tracts. Now Checkley couldn't do that. He couldn't, and he wouldn't.'

'Well?'

'But Mr Dering could. If he had that attack once, he might have it again and again. Why, he constantly complains of forgetting things.'

'But the letters yesterday were addressed to Edmund Gray. How do you connect Edmund Gray with Edward Dering?'

'I don't know. But, my dear brother, the more I think of this business, the more persuaded I am that Checkley is not the prime mover, or even a confederate.'

'The same hand has been at work throughout. If not Checkley's aid to make that hand possible and successful, who is there? And look at the malignity with which he tries to fix it on some one else.'

'That may be because he is afraid of its being fixed upon him. Consider that point about the control of the letters. The business could only be done by some one through whose hands passed all the letters.'

'Checkley is the only person possible.'

'Yes; he understands that. It makes him horribly afraid. He therefore lies with all his might in order to pass on suspicion to another person. You and George think him guilty—well, I do not. If I were trying to find out the man, I should try a different plan altogether.'

Her brother had work to do which took him out directly after an early breakfast. When Elsie was left alone, she began again to think about Mr Dering's strange daylight somnambulism: about his continual fits of forgetfulness: about the odd things found on his table and in his safe, all connected with Edmund Gray. Checkley could not have placed those letters on the table: he could not have put those things in the safe.

Elsie looked at the clock. It was only just after nine. She ran to her room, put on her jacket and hat, and called a cab.

She arrived at half-past nine. Checkley was already in his master's room, laying out the table for the day's work as usual. The girl was touched at the sight of this old servant of sixty years' service doing these offices zealously and jealously. She stood in the outer office watching him through the open door. When he had finished, he came out and saw her.

'Oh!' he grumbled. 'It's you, is it? Well

—he hasn't come. If you want to see Mr Dering, it's full early. If you want to see the new Partner, he isn't come. He don't hurry himself. Perhaps you'll sit down a bit and look at the paper. Here's the *Times*. He'll be here at a quarter to ten.'

He sat down at his desk and took up a pen. But he laid it down again and began to talk. 'We're in trouble, Miss. No fault of yours—I don't say it is. We're in trouble. The trouble is going to be worse before it's better. They're not content with robbing the master, but they mock at him and jeer him. They jeer him. They put on his table letters addressed to the man they call Edmund Gray. They open his safe and put things in it belonging to Edmund Gray. We're not so young as we was, and it tells upon us. We're not so regular as we should be. Sometimes we're late—and sometimes we seem, just for a bit, not to know exactly who we are nor what we are. Oh! it's nothing—nothing but what will pass away when the trouble's over. But think of the black ingratitude, Miss—oh! black—black. I'm not blamin' you; but I think you ought to know the trouble we're in—considering who's done it and all.'

Elsie made no reply. She had nothing to say. Certainly she could not enter into a discussion with this man as to the part, if any, taken in the business by the new Partner. Then Checkley made a show of beginning to write with zeal. The morning was hot: the place was quiet: the old man's hand gradually slackened: the pen stopped: the eyes closed: his head dropped back upon his chair: he was asleep. It is not uncommon for an old man to drop off in this way.

Elsie sat perfectly still. At eleven o'clock she heard a step upon the stairs. It mounted: it stopped: the private door was opened, and Mr Dering entered. He stood for a moment in the doorway, looking about the room. Now, as the girl looked at him she perceived that he was again in the condition described by George—as a matter of fact, it was in this condition that Mr Dering generally arrived in the morning. His coat was unbuttoned: his face wore the genial and benevolent look which we do not generally associate with lawyers of fifty years' standing: the eyes were Mr Dering's eyes, but they were changed—not in colour or in form, but in expression. Elsie was reminded of her portrait. That imaginary sketch was no other than the Mr Dering who now stood before her.

He closed the door behind him and walked across the room to the window.

Then Elsie, lightly, so as not to awaken the drowsy old clerk, stepped into Mr Dering's office and shut the door softly behind her.

The sleep-walker stood at the window, looking out. Elsie crept up and stood beside him. Then she touched him on the arm. He started and turned. 'Young lady,' he said, 'what can I do for you?' He showed no recognition at all in his eyes: he did not know her. 'Can I do anything for you?' he repeated.

'I am afraid—nothing,' she replied.

He looked at her doubtfully. Then apparently remembering some duty as yet unfulfilled, he left the window and unlocked the safe. He then drew out of his pocket a manuscript tied up with

red tape. Elsie looked into the safe and read the title—*The New Humanity*, by Edmund Gray, which was written in large letters on the outer page. Then he shut and locked the safe and dropped the key in his own pocket. This done, he returned to the window and sat down, taking no manner of notice of his visitor. All this exactly as he had done before in presence of George and his old clerk.

For ten minutes he sat there. Then he shivered, straightened himself, stood up, and looked about the room, Mr Dering again.

'Elsie!' he cried. 'I did not know you were here. How long have you been here?'

'Not very long. A few minutes, perhaps.'

'I must have fallen asleep. It is a hot morning. You must forgive the weakness of an old man, child. I had a bad night, too. I was awake a long time, thinking of all these troubles and worries. They can't find out, Elsie, who has robbed me.' He spoke querulously and helplessly. 'They accuse each other, instead of laying their heads together. Nonsense! Checkley couldn't do it. George couldn't do it. The thing was done by somebody else. My brother came here with a cock-and-a-bull case, all built up of presumptions and conclusions. If they would only find out!'

'The trouble is mine as much as yours, Mr Dering. I have had to leave my mother's house, where I had to listen to agreeable prophecies about my lover and my brother. I wish, with you, that they would find out!'

He took off his hat and hung it on its peg. He buttoned his frock-coat and took his place at the table, upright and precise. Yet his eyes were anxious.

'They tease me too. They mock me. Yesterday, they laid two letters addressed to this man, Edmund Gray, on my letters. What for? To laugh at me, to defy me to find them out. Checkley swears he didn't put them there. I arrived at the moment when he was leaving the room. Are we haunted? And the day before—and the day before that—there were things put in the safe!'

'In the safe? Oh! But nobody has the key except yourself. How can anything be put in the safe?'

'I don't know. I don't know anything. I don't know what may be taken next. My houses—my mortgages, my lands, my very practice!'

'Nay—they could not. Is there anything this morning?'

He turned over his letters. 'Apparently not. Stay; I have not looked in the safe.' He got up and threw open the safe. Then he took up a packet. 'Again!' he cried almost with a scream. 'Again! See this!' He tossed on the table the packet which he had himself, only ten minutes before, placed in the safe with his own hands. 'See this! Thus they laugh at me—thus they torment me!' He hurled the packet to the other side of the room, returned to his chair, and laid his head upon his hands, sighing deeply.

Elsie took up the parcel. It was rather a bulky manuscript. The title you have heard. She untied the tape and turned over the pages. The work, she saw, was the Autobiography of Edmund Gray. And it was in the handwriting of Mr Dering!

She replaced it in the safe. 'Put everything there,' she said, 'which is sent to you. Everything. Do you know anything at all about this man Edmund Gray?'

'Nothing, my dear child, absolutely nothing. I never saw the man. I never heard of him. Yet he has planted himself upon me. He holds his chambers on a letter of recommendation from me. I was his introducer to the Manager of the Bank—I—in my own handwriting—as they thought. He drew a cheque of £720 upon me eight years ago. And he has transferred thirty-eight thousand pounds' worth of shares and stock to his own address.'

'Added to which, he has been the cause of suspicion and vile accusation against my lover and my brother, which it will cost a great deal of patience to forgive. Dear Mr Dering, I am so sorry for you. It is most wonderful and most mysterious. Suppose,' she laid her hand upon his—'suppose that I was to find out for you?'

'You, child? What can you do, when the others have failed?'

'I can but try.'

'Try, in Heaven's name. Try, my dear. If you find out, you shall be burned for a witch.'

'No. If I find out, you shall be present at my wedding. You were to have given me away. But now—now—Athelstan shall give me away, and you will be there to see. And it will be a tearful wedding!—the tears came into her own eyes just to illustrate the remark—'because every one will be so ashamed of the wicked things they have said. Sir Samuel will remain on his knees the whole service, and Checkley will be fain to get under the seat.—Good-bye, Mr Dering. I am a Prophetess. I can foretell. You shall hear in a very few days all about Edmund Gray.'

She ran away without any further explanation. Mr Dering shook his head and smiled. He did not believe in contemporary Prophecy. That young people should place their own affairs—their love-makings and weddings—before the affairs of their elders, was not surprising. For himself, as he sometimes remembered—and always when this girl, with her pretty ways and soft voice, was with him—her visit had cheered him. He opened his letters and went on with the day's work.

As for Elsie, the smile in her eyes died out as she descended the stairs. If she had been herself a lawyer, she could not have worn a graver face as she walked across the courts of the venerable Inn.

She had established the connection between Mr Dering and Edmund Gray. It was he, and nobody else, who laid those letters on the table—placed those things in the safe. This being so, it must be he himself, and nobody else, who wrote all the letters, signed the cheques, and did all the mischief. He himself! But how? Elsie had read of hypnotism. Wonderful things are done daily by mesmerists and magnetists under their new name. Mr Dering was hypnotised by this man Edmund Gray—as he called himself—for his own base ends. Well—she would find out this Edmund Gray. She would beard this villain in his own den.

She walked resolutely to Gray's Inn. She found No. 22—she mounted the stairs. The

outer door was closed. She knocked, but there was no answer. She remembered how George had found his laundress, and visited her at her lodgings—she thought she would do the same. But on the stairs she went down she met an old woman so dirty, so ancient, so feeble, that she seemed to correspond with George's account of her.

'You are Mr Gray's laundress?' she asked.

'Yes, Miss; I am.' The woman looked astonished to see such a visitor.

'I want to see him. I want to see him on very important business. Most important to himself. When can I see him?'

'I don't know, Miss. He is uncertain. He was here yesterday evening. He said he should not be here this evening. But I don't know.'

'Look here.' Elsie drew out her purse. 'Tell me when you think he will be here, and if I find him I will give you two pounds—two golden sovereigns. If you tell me right I will give you two sovereigns.'

She showed them. The old woman looked hungrily at the coins. 'Well, Miss, he's been here every Saturday afternoon for the last six months. I know it by the litter of papers that he makes. Every Saturday afternoon.'

'Very good. You shall have your money if I find him.'

In the evening, Elsie said nothing about Mr Dering and her strange discovery. The two young men talked about trying this way and that way, always with the view of implicating Checkley. But she said nothing.

THE DORE AND CHINLEY RAILWAY.

It was the boast of our grandfathers about the end of last century that no considerable town or village in England was at a greater distance from a canal or turnpike road than fifteen miles; and we can easily understand how much better the boast could be sustained at the present time as regards railways. Still there are here and there districts in Great Britain of considerable extent into which the rushing sound of the express train, or the shrill scream of the locomotive whistle, has not yet penetrated. One of the most remarkable of these localities is to be found in the heart of Derbyshire. It lies in the centre of a great industrial district, and is enclosed by three great lines; yet this large, irregularly-shaped triangular space stands out white and clear on the map, perfectly innocent of all modern means of conveyance. Through this space a railway has been in course of construction for the last three years, and is expected to be open for traffic towards the end of the present year.

The Dore and Chinley Railway, as it is called, connects the Manchester and London branch of the Midland Railway at Chapel-en-le-Frith and at Chinley with the same line at Dore, on the Sheffield and Chesterfield section, piercing the mountainous district known as the Peak Forest. The new line is about twenty miles long; and besides opening up an extensive country with great attractions for the tourist, the geologist, and lover of Nature in her sternest and most imposing moods, provides a new and quicker route between

two densely populated towns hitherto but indifferently supplied with means of intercommunication, considering the vast extent of their commercial interests and relations—that is, Manchester and Sheffield; and as competition in railway matters always commands cheaper and speedier means of conveyance and traffic, the opening of the new line is looked forward to with great interest in both localities.

This branch will make what is called 'the Wonderland of Derbyshire' quite accessible and familiar. Like all mountainous districts, it abounds in old-time traditions, and has a history bordering on the marvellous. It would indeed be hard to find another space so limited in extent, at home or abroad, containing so much that is novel and attractive. Lofty mountains, on all sides enclosing romantic valleys, into which the sun cannot penetrate until near his meridian; clear and noisy brooks, of deepest blue in colour, tumbling down the sides of the hills, playing hide-and-seek among the crevices and nooks, and dashing madly over mimic waterfalls, disappearing into subterranean passages, to reappear suddenly in some cave at a much lower level; and then flowing quietly and steadily along the valleys to join together and form a stately river, the Derwent.

Then we have vast and gloomy caves of wonderful formation. The restless and searching streams above, finding their way through the limestone rocks, leave the evidence of their soluble qualities in stalactite formations of such enormous proportions and fantastic shapes and colours as would delight the heart of the mineralogist and fossilist. Caves everywhere with weird and diabolic names and character, many of which have never yet been fully explored by man. There are away on the heights remains and ruins of old castles, built more for the safety and protection than for the comfort of their inmates. Traces of Roman camps are on the hills, and of their workings in the mines. There are the homes of families located here from before the Norman Conquest, such as the Foljambes, the Lyttons—ancestors of the novelist—the Merevils, the Stathams, and many others; and here also is the home of Miss Nightingale, of Crimean fame. The district has been described as resembling more some of the wilder portions of the Highlands of Scotland, than of a county in the heart of England.

Nor is the district wanting in interest in many other ways. Sir Walter Scott has thrown around it the magic of his genius in the charming story, *Peveril of the Peak*. The 'Old Castle of the Peak' is on the heights above the village, which derives its name of Castleton from it. The view from the hills behind is remarkably fine. There are charming contrasts in the landscape around, wild moorland, fertile valleys, and here and there peaceful villages peeping out from luxuriant foliage. There are many other points of interest at the village of Hathersage, five and a half miles distant from Castleton. A needle manufactory is established, and finds employment for numbers of people. Little John, the companion of Robin Hood, was born and buried here, and his grave is regarded with great pride by the inhabitants. Norman William, who sometimes held his court in the Peak Forest, formed the

district into a favourite hunting-ground; and for some generations afterwards his descendants held it as a residence.

But the railway which is to open up this favoured though hitherto little known district is also worthy our attention, and might readily adopt as its motto, 'Hope on, hope ever,' for its central point is the village of Hope, towards which the line is being directed from both ends. It has been aptly described as 'a line of viaducts and tunnels,' is about twenty miles in length, and will cost over a million sterling. In that comparatively short distance it passes through six miles of tunnels, driven through the hard Ure-dale rock; over three long viaducts and fifty-four bridges, not including a large number over the line; and no doubt in the annals of railway-making it will be characterised as quite as bold and daring in conception as it has been difficult and discouraging in construction. If 'Hope' is to be its motto, the engineers must have realised to the fullest extent the truth that 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick;' for it would appear as if Nature, resenting an invasion of her favoured domain, had arrayed all her forces to prevent it.

Starting from the western end, there are two stations on the main line—Chinley on the north, and Chapel-en-le-Frith on the south. A branch from each meets and forms a junction at Chapel Milton Viaduct. This viaduct has thirteen arches, each forty-five feet span, and one hundred and four feet high. It is built on a curve, which, combined with its great height, makes it quite an imposing and picturesque feature of the landscape. Facing the end of it, Cowburn Hill stands out boldly, and here some of the difficulties encountered in making the line may be seen. During the past three years, fourteen hundred men have been burrowing their way through this hill, a distance of three thousand seven hundred yards, or nearly two and a fifth miles, the whole distance having been excavated by blasting and worked from the ends only, without shafts. It is not what is termed a wet tunnel; but at certain breaks in the continuity of the rocks the water burst through in such quantities and force as to prevent the men working with any degree of efficiency. The extensive character of the work may be estimated from the fact that twenty millions of bricks will be used in lining it. Operations were begun by driving a large bottom heading through the entire length, which allowed locomotives to be used for removing the débris. The rock-drills were worked by compressed air, three large compressors supplying the motive-power. For blasting, ten holes were made in the face of the rock, in each of which three pounds of gelignite—a new and powerful explosive—were placed and fired. Three firings were made each day, giving a progress of from two to four feet. A supply of fresh air is continually flowing into the tunnel from the air-compressors, while a large exhausting fan is drawing off the smoke and foul air. A thirty-foot fan is capable of removing one hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet of air per minute; and the men can work with comfort and safety.

On emerging from Cowburn Tunnel, we reach the first station, Edale, and from there to the great tunnel under Totley Moss there are no

great engineering difficulties in the way. The line keeps in the valley, and follows the course of the noisy little stream, the Noe, except where its windings are so great as to require bridges to be built for crossing it. Between Edale and Hope are some heavy cuttings; but the steam-navy, which can fill a railway truck with two bites out of an excavation, makes but short work of the heaviest cuttings. It is on this portion of the line the traveller will get a glimpse of the grandeur of the scenery and some of the difficulties overcome in making it. Taking the entire length, there are six stations, or one for every three miles, so that any portion of the railway will be readily accessible without much trouble. Arriving at Edale from the Chinley end, the next station is Hope, which serves for a number of villages, such as Castleton, Bradwell, &c. A few miles farther brings us to Bamford, and then Hathersage; followed by Padley Wood Station for Grindleford, Eyam, &c., and last Dore. Each of these intermediate stations is the outlet to a cave or mine, an old ruin, or a natural curiosity of some kind.

Near Padley Wood Station is the entrance to the Dore and Padley Tunnel, the second longest in England. It runs between Padley Wood and Totley, passing under Totley Moss—famous for the number of its springs—and although not quite finished, is so near completion as to give promise of being so at the end of this year. From the very beginning this tunnel has presented almost insurmountable difficulties to be overcome, particularly in fighting against the entrance of water. In mining or tunnelling, the initial cost of removing any quantity of rock may be estimated with some certainty, but the cost of a perpetual fight with water is always an unknown quantity. In the beginning, at both ends, the water proved a serious hindrance; but as the work advanced, it found its way in, in an ever-increasing quantity and force. Every stroke of the pick seemed endowed with the miraculous power of the wand of Moses, for the water sprang after it. As we get into the tunnel, the atmosphere grows oppressive, notwithstanding the constant flow of fresh air into it. We are beyond the end of the lined portion; and where the men are working, it is narrow, jagged, and low-roofed. Looking at the men in the semi-darkness, working in their shining oilskin suits, sometimes on rafts, oftener stumbling and splashing about in the water, and with the perspiration pouring from their faces, while the water gurgles and splashes noisily around them, and thinking of the three and a half miles which must be won inch by inch under surrounding circumstances, the task does seem a hopeless if not an impossible one. High overhead is Totley Moss, where the brooks and streams are leaping and bounding on their way to join the river below; but through crevices and faults in the rocks, these have found a nearer cut to their destination, and mean to take full advantage of it, as they rush into the tunnel with every noise water is capable of making.

There is water everywhere, dripping and streaming from the roof, pouring down the sides, and springing like mimic Icelandic geysers from the floor. At one place the flood was gauged at thirteen hundred gallons per minute, and the engineer had great difficulty in inducing the men

to persevere. There was in reality no danger; but many of them could not stand it long, and the work was at times seriously delayed or impeded by it. But the engineer, whose motto must ever be, 'A difficulty is merely a thing which must be overcome,' conquered this one by building a wall of bricks and cement at or near the place where the men were working, four feet six inches thick, to keep the water back. Then a drain was made along the bottom of the tunnel, and through this drain and along the culvert by the side of the railway the flow of water was turned into the river Sheaf, one of the tributaries of the Derwent. The other or Padley end of the tunnel was quite as bad, and the flow was gauged at five thousand gallons a minute. For some time the men had to use a raft to float them into the workings; then the water rose so high that they could not force the raft against it, until a dam and shoot were constructed at the dip, to lead the water away faster. At one place the roof and floor are quite dry, and the attention of visitors is directed to the roof, which may be termed a geological curiosity or freak of nature. It is composed of a large flat and smooth slab of shale many yards in length, and completely covers in the tunnel below, forming a natural roof.

With the exception of the tunnel below the Severn, lately completed, the Dore and Padley Tunnel is, as stated, the longest in England. It will require the enormous quantity of thirty millions of bricks to line it throughout. It has been pronounced one of the most perfect tunnels made on any railway, lofty, spacious, substantial, and secure. In a few months, one of the finest holiday districts in England will be opened up; and it is anticipated that there will be a great influx of tourists and pleasure and health seekers to the 'Derbyshire Wonderland.' The principal object the railway company had in view was a shorter and quicker route between two great centres of industry, reducing the time required to something less than an hour. At the same time the Midland Railway Company deserves a meed of gratitude from the public generally for having provided a new playground and health resort in the very heart of England.

JACK MOORE'S TEMPTATION.

By DENZIL VANE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'THAT fellow will be your ruin, Jack. Mark my words. He is idle, dissipated, reckless; no fit companion for any honest and self-respecting young man. I have seen with deep sorrow the marked change in your manner and conduct since you made Harcourt's acquaintance. Believe me, my dear Jack, that in arriving at this decision I am consulting your best interests. Take my advice, or rather, I should say, obey my command, and I promise you that you will live to thank me for what, I daresay, you now think my severity.'

'I think you misjudge Harcourt, uncle,' replied the young man to whom the above exordium was addressed.

'I imagine that my forty years' seniority gives

me clearer perceptions than yours. At anyrate, I have quite made up my mind on this point. You must either give up James Harcourt or—I give you up. No nephew of mine shall consort with a—dissipated young rascal.'

'Come, uncle, aren't you rather too hard on him?' remonstrated Jack Tredinnick Moore.

'Not a bit of it. He deserves every word I have said about him. He is an idle, good-for-nothing scamp, a gambler, a drunkard.'

'He goes into very good society,' murmured the younger man.

'What do you call good society, Master Jack?—And pray, why do you wish to have better society than that you can get in my house? Better society! Why, God bless me! I owe my friends an apology for naming them in the same breath with James Harcourt and his allies,' cried old Tredinnick.

For a minute or two uncle and nephew looked each other in the face. Jack was the only son of old Tredinnick's only sister. During fifteen years the prim, formal, but extremely comfortable house in Russell Square had been Jack's home, for he had lost both parents in early childhood, and old Tredinnick had done his level best to supply their place, crusty old bachelor though he was.

'I—I think you are unjust to Harcourt, uncle,' said the young man at last, his handsome but rather weak-looking face wearing an obstinate expression, as weak-looking faces not infrequently do; 'and I don't see why I should be unjust to him too.'

'Does that mean that you refuse to obey me?' said old Tredinnick, ruffling up his stiff gray hair irritably, 'that you intend to—to defy me?'

'It means that I decline to accept your estimate of my friend Harcourt,' replied Jack sullenly.

'Then you must take the consequences your determination carries with it. The stool you have occupied in my office will be vacant after to-day; and the room that has been yours since—since your poor mother's death,' added old Tredinnick with a tremor in his gruff voice, 'will be empty—after to-day.'

'Very well, uncle.'

Old Tredinnick looked across at his nephew's downcast face. The lad's eyebrows were drawn together in a frown; his rather full under lip was thrust forward in a sullen pout; his cheeks were paler than usual; and there were dark circles under his eyes, a result due to late hours rather than to the agitation of the moment.

Old Tredinnick sighed as he watched him. Then some memory of the past seemed to possess him, for his gray eyes softened, and he was compelled to bring out a red-and-yellow silk handkerchief, with which he blew his nose rather ostentatiously.

'I am sorry,' he began gruffly—'very sorry that you have allowed a mere casual acquaintance to—to come between us, Jack.—But,' he went on, resuming his former positive manner, 'I mean to be as obstinate as you. You elect to stick to your—friend, Harcourt; and I am resolved to stick to my word. You leave my office—'

nobody in my employment shall consort with fellows like Harcourt—and you leave my house.'

'Very well, uncle,' muttered Jack, turning away, as though he intended to take his departure there and then.

'Stop! What—what money have you got?'

'I—I don't know—four or five sovereigns, I believe,' said Jack carelessly.

'And how long do you suppose four or five sovereigns will keep you in bread-and-cheese?'

'Until I get some employment,' was the dogged answer.

'Nonsense! Employment isn't to be had for the asking in this overcrowded city. When I advertised for a copying clerk some months ago, how many applications do you think I had?'

'I am sure I don't remember.'

'Three hundred and fifty; and the salary offered was only a pound a week. How long do you suppose it would be before the three hundred and forty-nine unsuccessful applicants got employment?'

'Can't say; I'm not clever at making calculations,' muttered Jack with surly irony.

'No. Or I should ask you to calculate how long it will take Mr James Harcourt to make the descent of Avernus, and get himself in the clutches of the law,' retorted Mr Tredinnick dryly.

Young Moore raised his head with an aggressive air, and was about to make an indignant remonstrance. But his uncle lifted his hand authoritatively and went on: 'In spite of the ingratitude with which you have thought proper to repay me for—the affection I have always shown you, I do not think it right to send you out penniless into the world. Your allowance of fifty pounds a year will be paid to you as usual, quarterly.'

Here Mr Tredinnick went to his writing-table with an expression of stern justice on his rugged but kindly face, took out his cheque-book and filled in a cheque, slowly and methodically, as was his wont. Then he rose and handed the slip of paper to his nephew. 'There's the first quarter of your allowance,' he said quietly. 'So that you may start comfortably, I have made it for twenty pounds, instead of for twelve pounds ten.'

Jack took the cheque with outward reluctance but with inward relief, stuffed it into his breast-pocket, and then held out his hand.

'Good-bye, uncle,' he said with a rather unsuccessful assumption of nonchalance; 'we'll part friends, eh?'

'Certainly, my boy,' cried the old man heartily; 'and if—if you will think better of this affair, I promise to let bygones be bygones. Send Harcourt to the right about, and'—

'I think I am old enough to be allowed to choose my own friends,' interrupted the lad coldly.—'Good-bye, uncle.'

'Good-bye, my boy. I hope you won't have bitter cause to repent of your pig-headedness.—God bless you!' he added hastily. Then the red-and-yellow handkerchief was again put in requisition.

Jack shrugged his shoulders, sauntered out of the room with his hands in his pockets, and within half an hour his portmanteau was packed and hoisted on to the roof of a hansom, inside

which sat Mr John Tredinnick Moore, with his hat tilted over his forehead, his handsome boyish face wearing a decidedly sully expression. As the hansom turned out of Russell Square, he just glanced up for a moment at the house that had sheltered him for so long, and for that moment's space he wished he had acted otherwise than he had done. But by the time the hansom had rattled along New Oxford Street and reached the corner of Tottenham Court Road, he was in high spirits. He had twenty pounds in his pocket. Harcourt and he were to dine at the Criterion, and later 'take a look in,' as Harcourt phrased it, at one or two of the haunts frequented by men of fashion like themselves, then wind up the evening with a hand at whist or *écarté* at Harcourt's club. It was this programme as set forth in a note Jack had received from Harcourt that morning which had brought matters to a crisis in Russell Square. Old Tredinnick had then delivered himself of an ultimatum which, as we have seen, resulted in a rupture of their friendly relations.

'I've got twenty pounds in my pocket—there's a lot of amusement to be got out of twenty pounds,' soliloquised Jack, leaning back in his cab and lighting a cigar. 'When it's gone, I'll look out for something to do. But I'll have a jolly week or two, first. After grinding away at that confounded office, I want a holiday; and I mean to have it.'

Jack's twenty pounds lasted just one week. One fine morning he discovered, to his dismay, that when he had paid the bill his landlady had presented to him the night before, he would have exactly half-a-crown in his pocket. It was clearly impossible to make half-a-crown provide for the wants of even a single day; so he sauntered down to Harcourt's sprucely furnished chambers in Suffolk Street to take counsel with his chosen Mentor.

He found Harcourt at breakfast.

'Well, old fellow, what's up? You look rather down in the mouth.—Have a brandy-and-soda?' was that gentleman's greeting.

Jack shook his head.

'You had deuced bad luck last night at *écarté*. Cleaned out, eh?'

Jack felt in his pocket, then showed on his extended palm the single half-crown that remained from his quarter's allowance.

'I hope you admire it,' he remarked bitterly. 'It is the only portrait of Her Majesty I possess.'

'Hum! That's serious. You'd better apply to the amiable Tredinnick, hadn't you?'

'Not I. I wouldn't face my uncle and tell him that I've spent all the money he gave me in one week for a hundred pounds,' declared Jack, getting very red in the face.

Mr James Harcourt surveyed his pupil critically through his eyeglass, pulled his long sandy moustaches thoughtfully, and then remarked coolly: 'If you won't play the part of returned Prodigal, I suppose there's nothing for it but an application to your other uncle. You wear a watch and chain, I observe; also sleeve-links, a gold pin, and a signet ring. One's jewellery usually goes first.'

'Do you mean that I am to go to a pawnbroker's and pawn the things?' cried the lad.

'I do; since you refuse to betake yourself to Russell Square. I am extremely sorry that circumstances over which I have no control compel me to repress the strong impulse which rises in my breast to—ah—come to your relief. At the present moment, my own funds are low—very low. As for—ah—the little transaction I spoke of—why, it's nothing—nothing, I assure you. Have done the thing myself scores of times, and shall again.'

Jack's face brightened. The idea of a pawnbroker's shop was associated in his unsophisticated mind with extreme poverty and general disreputableness. But, he argued, if such a superfine and fastidious man as Harcourt condescended to raise money on his personal effects, why should not he?

'What do you suppose I should get for—my watch, say? It cost with the chain five-and-twenty pounds. It was a birthday present from my uncle,' he said hesitatingly.

'Five pounds, I should say.'

'That won't last long,' grumbled Jack.

'You may have better luck to-night. I'll take you to a place where you can have a turn at baccarat. Baccarat doesn't want the skill whist and écarté demand.'

Jack's eyes brightened as he listened to his friend's minute directions as to how the necessary sinews of war were to be provided. After all, as Harcourt said, his luck might change; the five pounds he would get on his watch might be decupled that night.

An hour later, Jack returned to his lodgings the richer by five pounds, and the poorer by his watch and several shreds of his self-respect. But to all appearance he was in the highest spirits, for he walked along the pavement with a jaunty air, and laughed immoderately at dinner when Harcourt told some of his amusing stories about the astonishing ups and downs he had known during the ten years of his life in London. Harcourt 'did business' on the Stock Exchange, and, according to his own account, he was one of the acutest and most astute of the many clever fellows who there forgather.

As Harcourt had anticipated, Jack's luck at baccarat that night was extraordinary. But then the best part of his winnings disappeared the very next night with the same facility with which they had been acquired. For a month or two Jack Moore experienced the numerous vicissitudes of a gambler's life. Then he began to weary of the alternate excitement and depression inseparable from such a life. One day, when his exchequer was reduced to the lowest ebb, he announced his intention of seeking for employment; and, wonderful to relate, he was speedily successful in his search. Thanks to his honest-looking face, gentlemanlike manner, his familiarity with the French and German languages, and last, but not least, to his relationship to old Tredinnick, of the well-known firm of colonial merchants Tredinnick & Morgan, he obtained the post of corresponding clerk in the office of the Three Kingdoms Life Assurance. Harcourt seemed greatly amused by Jack's sudden return to the paths of virtue; and when he found that his pupil was no longer willing to be at his beck and call, he delivered himself of the scathing remark, that 'what was

bred in the bone must come out in the flesh; that Moore's commercial upbringing precluded his ever being a man of fashion.' And so a coolness arose between Mentor and his follower.

CURIOUS AMERICAN OLD-TIME GLEANINGS.

'THE only true history of a country,' said Lord Macaulay, 'is to be found in its newspapers.' Sir George Cornewall Lewis expressed his conviction that the historian of the future will find all his materials in the *Times*. The American historian Mr Bancroft seldom saw a newspaper without drawing from it materials for his works. The story-teller often obtains from the daily and weekly press suggestive notes. Charles Reade made excellent use of the romantic episodes recorded in the newspapers. His scrap-books containing clippings from the papers were numerous and valuable, and amongst his most cherished treasures. Many modern men of letters might be mentioned who are alive to the importance of preserving facts drawn from the journals of the day.

Professor James Davie Butler, LL.D., a few years ago wrote an amusing and at the same time a valuable paper on Scrap-books. He related how he had corrected, through seeing in an old Connecticut newspaper an advertisement, statements made by the leading historians of America. It was respecting the horse of General Stark, the hero in the American War who broke Burgoyne's left wing. Headley says, 'Stark's horse sunk under him.' Everett states, 'The General's horse was killed in the action.' Irving writes, 'The veteran had his horse shot under him.' They were led to make the statement from a postscript of a letter the General wrote saying, 'I lost my horse in the action.' Here is the advertisement referred to:

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Stolen from me, the subscriber, in the time of action, the 16th of August last, a Brown Mare, five years old; had a star in her forehead. Also a doeskin seated saddle, blue housing trimmed with white, and a curbed bridle.—It is earnestly requested of all Committees of Safety, and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover the said Mare, so that the thief may be brought to justice and the Mare brought to me; and the person, whoever he be, shall receive the above reward for both; and for the Mare alone, one-half that sum. How scandalous, how disgraceful and ignominious, must it appear to all friendly and generous souls to have such sly, artful, designing villains enter into the field of action in order to pillage, pilfer, and plunder from their brethren when engaged in battle!

JOHN STARK, B.D.G.

Bennington, 11th Sept. 1777.

The foregoing may be regarded as a good proof of the value of historical facts gleaned from newspapers.

In recent years several interesting works have been compiled from old newspapers. Perhaps the most important is a set of volumes entitled 'The Olden Time Series,' prepared by Mr Henry M. Brooks, a painstaking antiquary, and published

in Boston, Massachusetts. Not the least interesting of volumes is one devoted to the *New England Sunday*. The opening page proves that neither the rich nor the poor were permitted to break the strict Sabbath regulations. In Connecticut, in 1789, General Washington was stopped by the officer representing the State authorities for riding on the Sunday. The circumstances were reported in the columns of the *Columbian Centinel* for December of that year. 'The President,' it is stated, 'on his return to New York from his late tour through Connecticut, having missed his way on Saturday, was obliged to ride a few miles on Sunday, in order to gain the town, at which he had previously proposed to attend divine service. Before he arrived, however, he was met by a Tythingman, who, commanding him to stop, demanded the occasion of his riding; and it was not until the President had informed him of every circumstance, and promised to go no farther than the town intended, that the Tythingman would permit him to proceed on his journey.'

In the old days, little attempt was made to render the places of worship attractive, or even to warm the rooms in which the preachers delivered their long sermons, although the people were obliged by law to attend the services unless they were sick. It was a serious matter not to be a 'meeting-goer;' it was, as Mr Brooks says, to be ranged with thieves and other outlaws. Mr Felt, the compiler of the *Annals of Salem*, has brought together some items of interest bearing on the introduction of stoves into the churches of the district. 'For a long period,' writes Mr Felt, 'the people of our country did not consider that a comfortable degree of warmth while at public worship contributed much to a profitable hearing of the gospel.' He states that the first stove heard of in Massachusetts for a meeting-house was put up by the first Congregation of Boston in 1773. 'Two stoves were placed in the Friends' Society meeting-house at Salem in 1793, and one in the North Church, Salem, in 1809. 'Not a few remember,' writes Mr Brooks, 'the general knocking of feet on cold days and near the close of long sermons. On such occasions, the Rev. Dr Hopkins used to say now and then: "My hearers, have a little patience, and I will soon close."'

One of Mr Brooks's volumes deals with *Strange and Curious Punishments*, and it gives particulars of many harsh and cruel laws. It appears, from an address delivered before the Essex Bar Association in 1885, that the old-time punishments in America were much milder than the criminal laws of England at the time, and the number of capital offences was greatly reduced. Persons were frequently whipped. The following is an example drawn from the Essex County Court Records: 'In 1643, Roger Scott, for repeated sleeping in meeting on the Lord's Day, and for striking the person who waked him, was, at Salem, sentenced to be severely whipped.'

Whipping appears to have been a common means of punishing offenders who transgressed the laws. In the month of January 1761 we see it stated that four men for petty larceny were publicly whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of New York. We gather from

another newspaper report that a man named Andrew Cayto received forty-nine stripes at the public whipping-post for house-robbery—namely, for robbing one house, thirty-nine stripes; and for robbing the other, ten stripes. It appears in some instances prisoners had, as part of their sentence, to sit on the gallows with ropes about their necks. We read: 'At Ipswich, Massachusetts, June 1763, one Francis Brown for stealing a large quantity of goods, was found guilty; and it being the second conviction, he was sentenced by the Court to sit on the gallows an hour with a rope round his neck, to be whipt thirty stripes, and pay treble damages.' The man was a native of Lisbon, and described as a great thief. 'We hear from Worcester,' says the *Boston Chronicle*, November 20, 1769, 'that on the 8th instant one Lindsay stood in the pillory there one hour, after which he received thirty stripes at the public whipping-post, and was then branded on the hand; his crime was forgery.' It appears that it was the custom to brand by means of hot iron the letter F on the palm of the right hand.

We find at this period persons found guilty of passing counterfeit dollars were sentenced to have their ears cropped.

To illustrate his subject Mr Brooks draws from Felt's *Annals of Salem* not a few quaint items. It is stated that 'in 1637, Dorothy Talby, for beating her husband, is ordered to be bound to and chained to a post.' We see it is stated that 'in 1649 women were prosecuted in Salem for scolding,' and probably in many cases whipped or ducked. The ducking-stool appears to have been frequently employed. Under date of May 15, 1672, we find it stated: 'The General Court of Massachusetts orders that scolds and railers shall be gagged or set in a ducking-stool, and dipped over head and ears three times.'

We find particulars of one Philip Ratclif for making 'hard speeches against Salem Church, as well as the Government,' sentenced to pay forty pounds, to be whipped, to have his ears cropped, and to be banished.' The date of this case is 1631. In the *Annals of Salem*, under date for May 3, 1669, it is recorded that 'Thomas Maule is ordered to be whipped for saying that Mr Higgenson preached lies, and that his instruction was "the doctrine of devils."'

The Quakers were very severely dealt with. At Salem, for making disturbances in the meeting-house, &c., Josiah Southwick, Mrs Wilson, Mrs Buffum, and other Quakers, were whipped at the cart's tail through the town. After being banished, Southwick returned to Salem, and for this offence was whipped through the towns of Buxton, Roxbury, and Dedham.

In bygone times, hanging the remains of persons executed was general in England; but in America it was an uncommon practice. Mr Brooks, however, gives particulars of a few instances. At Newport, Rhode Island, on March 12, 1715, a man named Mecum was executed for murder; and his body hung in chains on Miantonomy Hill, where the bodies of some Indians executed three years previously were then hanging. A negro hanged at Newport in 1769 was gibbeted on the same hill.

A few lighter passages than those we have studied brighten up the records of American punishments, which were very severe, but not

more severe than those of England of the same period. A prisoner in February 1789 escaped through the jail chimney at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and wrote on the wall as follows: 'The reason of my going is because I have no fire to comfort myself with, and very little provision. So I am sure if I was to stay any longer I should perish to death. Look at that bed there! Do you think it fit for any person to lie on?'

If you are well, I am well;
Mend the chimney, and all's well!

To the gentlemen and officers of Portsmouth, from your humble servant, WILLIAM FALL.

'N.B.—I am very sorry that I did not think of this before, for if I had, your people should not have had the pleasure of seeing me take the lashes.'

Curiosities of the Lottery is the title of another volume of Mr Brooks's 'Olden Time Series.' Selling lottery tickets was regarded as a respectable calling. 'The better the man,' says Mr Brooks, 'the better the agent. Indeed, it was generally thought to be just as respectable to sell lottery tickets as to sell Bibles; and we have them classed together in the same advertisement.' In England, we must not forget the fact that the business was conducted on the same lines in bygone times. The first lottery in this country was drawn day and night at the west door of St Paul's Cathedral, London, from the 11th of January to May 6, 1569. The profit, which was considerable, was devoted to the repair of harbours. The prizes consisted of pieces of plate.

In the United States, lotteries were instituted for a variety of objects, including building bridges, clearing rivers, rebuilding Faneuil Hall, raising money to successfully carry on the work of Dartmouth College, Harvard College, and other seats of learning. The advertisements were extremely quaint, and illustrated with crudely drawn but effective pictures, supplying 'a speedy cure for a broken fortune.' Poetry as well as pictures was largely employed in advertisements for lotteries. Much has been spoken and written against lotteries; but, nevertheless, in some of the States of the Union they are still lawful.

With a dip into a volume called *Days of the Spinning-wheel*, we will bring our old-time gleanings to a close, leaving several of Mr Brooks's books unopened. The items we will cull relate to a trade once very general in the United States, but happily now a thing of the past. Advertisements similar to the following appeared in all the American newspapers, and not a few of the publishers took an active part in the trade of buying and selling human beings. 'To be sold,' said the *Boston Evening Gazette*, 1741, 'by the printer of this paper the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the smallpox and measles; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver.' The same publisher stated that he also had on sale 'a negro man about thirty years old, who can do both town and country business very well, but will suit the country best, where they have not so many dram-shops as we have in Boston. He has worked at the printing business fifteen or sixteen years; can handle axe, saw, spade, hoe, or other instrument of husbandry as well as most men,

and values himself and is valued by others for his skill in cookery.'

In the *Gazette* of May 12, 1760, is offered for sale 'a negro woman about twenty-eight years of age; she is remarkably healthy and strong, and has several other good qualities; and is offered to sale for no other reason than her being of a furious temper, somewhat lazy. Smart discipline would make her a very good servant. Any person minded to purchase may be further informed by inquiring of the printer.' It will be gathered from the foregoing that the faults of the slaves were clearly stated.

Children were often given away; and many announcements like the following, drawn from the *Postboy*, February 28, 1763, appeared: 'To be given away, a male negro child of good breed, and in good health. Inquire of Green and Russell.'

Runaway slaves gave considerable trouble to their owners, and the papers include numerous advertisements, details respecting appearance, speech, dress, &c., of the missing persons. After describing his runaway slave, the owner concluded his announcement thus: 'All masters of vessels and others are cautioned against harbouring, concealing, or carrying off the said negro, if they would avoid the rigour of the law.'

AH MOON'S GHOST.

I WENT out to Japan in the year 1871, a time when the old order of things in that fascinating and romantic country had by no means altogether given way to the new. Truly, a railway was in process of construction; there was a telegraph system; the army and navy were rigged out in European uniform; and all civil officials were supposed to have one evening dress suit of imaginary European cut. But the mass of the people still clung to their ancient customs and prejudices and notions and superstitions and costume, and, above all, to their jealousy and suspicion of the *tojin baka*, the 'stupid foreigner.'

Europeans and Americans were not the only objects of dislike. The arrogant Chinaman came in for a large share, and a certain community of language enabled the Japanese to revile him more caustically and effectively than he could the usually unlinguistic European. Our Comptroller—the Chinese head of the native department of the office—was one Ah Moon. He was about as thoroughly hated a man as could be found, although he was a good and upright servant to us—perhaps too good and upright to suit the gentle native. More than once he had been waylaid, attacked, and beaten by Japanese whom he had offended by a too rigorous execution of his duty; and more than once his life had been threatened. The result was that he became soured and vindictive, and changed from merely a strict performer of his duty into a tyrant and a bully.

One afternoon in November I was engaged in the daily duty of checking the amount of bullion

and coin in the Treasury—the large strong-room attached to every office. Ah Moon was at my side, taking down the contents of dollar bags and 'yen' boxes in a book, when suddenly the book fell from his hands, an expression of insufferable agony came to his face, he pressed his hands to his sides, uttered an awful cry, which I can never forget, and fell to the floor. When we picked him up, he was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed no traces of poison—simply one tiny piece of powdered glass. We therefore knew that he was the victim of one of the most subtle, insinuating, and terrible forms of poisoning known to nations addicted to that science.

Efforts of course were made to trace the perpetrators of the crime, but without success. Arrests were made by the native authorities for the sake of appearance, and a number of poor wretches were put to the torture in Tobé Prison; but the crime, which was undoubtedly the work of many, could be brought home to nobody, and the affair soon ceased to occupy at any rate European minds. But from the evening of Ah Moon's death the Treasury was regarded as haunted, and from that day, only one Chinaman could be found who would, without the muttering of much jargon, pass through its great barred entrance. This man was Ah Moon's successor in the post of Comprador, the late head 'shroff' or native cashier, a man named Hai Ling, a shrewd clever fellow, who, strange to say, was as popular with the Japanese as his predecessor had been the reverse.

He was a good-looking man of fifty, with one of these calm, unruffled, expressionless faces which generally characterise the statues of Buddha Nirvana. He was very European in his tastes, inasmuch as he took a great interest in pony-training and racing, and, *mirabile dictu*, for a Chinaman, was not at all a bad rider. He spoke English beautifully, without the smallest infusion of that childish jargon known as 'Pidgin' English; and upon one occasion I saw him knock an offending coolie down in a very scientific fashion, and asked him where he had learned to hit, he replied: 'On board an English man-o'-war.'

So Ah Moon was ceremoniously laid to rest in the Chinese Cemetery near the racecourse, and Hai Ling reigned in his stead.

Hitherto it had been our custom to employ Chinamen as night-watchmen, partly because they were more reliable than Japanese, and partly because they kept awake better. But after Ah Moon's tragic death, not a Chinaman would consent to sit up through the long silent watches of the winter's nights in the neighbourhood of the Haunted Treasury. Hai Ling laughed at his countrymen's superstitious fears; but they were not to be moved, and so Japanese were put on.

But gradually the Japanese became infected with dread, and solemnly declared that at the dead of night they could hear the spirit of the murdered Ah Moon striving to burst its grave-bonds, and groaning terribly all the while. I pooh-poohed the notion, and sent the cowards about their business; but the men who replaced them, strangers from Tokio, who knew nothing about the tragedy, heard the same sounds, and

refused to remain. So, although I was utterly devoid of superstition, I determined to watch myself one night. I did so. Not a sound did I hear from eleven at night until four in the morning—the troublous period for Ah Moon's spirit, and I turned into bed railing at the natives for a lot of chicken-hearted idiots.

Still, as the complaints were renewed during the following days, I thought that, in order to guard against the possibility of a trick being played, I would watch one night without having given notice of my intention to do so. So I quietly hid myself in a corner of the outer office just before eleven o'clock, and waited. Shortly after that hour I heard sounds which certainly came from the direction of the Treasury—scrapping, grating sounds, intermingled occasionally with a deep groan, which, I must say, sounded inexpressibly weird and solemn in the stillness of the night. They were not regular sounds, but arose by fits and starts; and even I could quite realise how in the native mind they might be associated with the struggles of an uneasy, restless spirit. I crept softly along to the Treasury door and listened. The sounds did not seem to be in the Treasury, but near it, on the road side of the wall. What did it mean? I confess I was mystified.

The next morning I made a thorough search in the Treasury and about it for some clue to the strange noises. That night I watched again, and at as nearly as possible the same hour as on the preceding night the mysterious noises commenced, the moaning and groaning being heart-rending. It was comical to note the effect upon the fellows watching on the veranda outside—for as a concession to their fears we had doubled the watch—they clapped their hands to their ears, muttered prayers to the Fox God and the Mercy Goddess and the Japanese Pantheon generally, and stood huddled together in a corner, of about as much use in a real emergency as a couple of women. Now a curious circumstance happened.

Opposite to our premises was the 'compound' of a large bungalow which had long remained untenanted and was fast falling to ruin. One morning we heard that the bungalow had been taken by some Japanese—probably men of the modern school, who imagined that they could not better stamp their fervour for the new order of things than by taking to themselves a European house. In times gone by there had been a pleasant garden round this bungalow; but long years of neglect had brought it to the condition of a wilderness, and it was now a mere tangled, uncared-for thicket. A prominent feature was a fine shrub which sprang up almost in a perfect cone, close to the wall dividing the property from the main road; and upon this shrub our manager had long cast covetous eyes, with a view to transporting it to his own garden on the Bluff, a hill outside the Settlement, whereon were situated the private residences of our local aristocracy.

Upon the night after my second vigil at the office, I was dining at a house on the Bund. It was a fine starlit night as I walked thereto, and I remember remarking how clearly and distinctly the pyramidal shrub stood out against the deep blue sky. But when I returned at

two o'clock the next morning the shrub was not there! To be sure I had dined, and, after dinner, at the card-table, may have had a couple of brandy-and-sodas, but no more; and it was assuredly no habit of mine to get intoxicated, so that I could only imagine that the manager had got the shrub.

But—next morning the shrub was in its place! From which I had to arrive at the humiliating conclusion that my vision had been clouded—well, by circumstances over which I had no control.

I went up-country shooting for three or four days. When I returned, I asked about Ah Moon's ghost. The Comprador replied that the coolies said it was still walking, and would continue to walk until the body was laid in its final resting-place in China; but expressed his own contempt for their fears. As I walked down to the club that evening, I noticed that the shrub was in its usual place. The bungalow was lighted up; and just as I passed the gate, out came Hai Ling, who saluted me and went on. I dined out that night, and came by the bungalow compound wall shortly after midnight. The shrub was still there, so that my suspicions as to my condition upon the night when I had failed to see it were confirmed beyond a doubt.

Still the mystery of Ah Moon's ghost continued. I *knew* that it could be accounted for, and yet I was utterly at a loss to account for it. In reply to my questions, the watchmen said that the groanings were terrible. They were men I could trust, and their fear was too palpably genuine to be a subject of mirth.

Up to now I had confided the affair to no one, but I now told the manager and the accountant. Of course they laughed me to scorn; but agreed to sit up with me and listen. Not a sound broke the stillness of that night; the laugh against me was renewed and redoubled, and I was pointed out at the club next day as the fellow who believed in ghosts.

But I had heard the sounds, and I determined to find out their cause. I arrived at the conclusion that the more quietly I went to work the better; for it was remarkable that upon the one occasion when I had announced my intention of watching, I had heard nothing; and that upon the other, when the manager and accountant had been with me, there was a similar absence of sounds. So one evening I got the duplicate Treasury key from the manager, and at midnight I slipped quietly into the office, which adjoined our dwelling-house. The watchman was promenading the veranda, click-clacking his pieces of wood in the old-fashioned, idiotic Oriental fashion. I passed him without attracting notice, lit a dark-lantern, noiselessly opened the Treasury doors, and slipped in, carefully locking the doors after me. Presently the unearthly noises began. They were closer to me and more distinct than before; and if I had been asked, I should have said that Ah Moon was busily engaged in hewing out his own grave, and that from his groanings and lamentation he was finding the task a hard one. I racked my brain for the cause. I thought of rats, of the wind, of some hidden force of nature; but the more I thought, the more unaccountable seemed the phenomenon. I sat until I was half frozen, for it was mid-winter; there was half a

foot of snow on the ground outside, and the floor, walls, and roof of the Treasury were of iron.

I got out as I came, and as I passed through the office looked out. The shrub was there, but I could have sworn that its position had been shifted, and somehow or other I got to associate the shrub and the sounds in the Treasury together.

Next morning, I walked over and had a good look at the shrub. It was certainly in its place; but I noticed that the snow all about it was much trampled and marked with footprints.

'Comprador,' I said to Hai Ling when the office opened, 'they are friends of yours who have taken the bungalow over there—aren't they?'

'Yes, sir,' he replied, with—perhaps I fancied it—a little hesitation in his tone, and a faintly perceptible rise of colour into his yellow face. 'They are Japanese gentlemen—two-sworded men: they are very busy getting in their furniture. You can see the carts. They are rich, and will be valuable connections.'

Sure enough, there were drawn up in front of the bungalow three or four carts laden with packing-cases.

The English mail came in that morning, and I went to the club to read the newspapers she had brought. Suddenly a paragraph in one of them arrested my attention. I slapped the paper down with an exclamation of joy, and rushed straight away home, for I felt sure I had solved the mystery of Ah Moon's ghost and of its connection with the shrub.

That afternoon, after the office had been closed for the day, I went in to the manager. He must have seen that I was excited with news, for he said, 'Hullo! Any news about Ah Moon's ghost?'

'Yes,' I said gravely; 'and I want you and Lawson to be with me to-night in the Treasury.'

'Nonsense!' he laughed. 'I thought that old game was played out.'

'Well,' I replied, 'I have the best of reasons for asking you, and perhaps some day you will thank me for it.'

'All right,' he said. 'But mind, if nothing comes of it, you stand Lawson and me a dinner at the Grand Hotel.'

'Done!' said I. 'Bring your six-shooter with you.'

I gave the same invitation to Lawson the accountant, and then went down to the Saibansho or Town Hall, and engaged two policemen to be held at my disposal.

There was evidently a big dinner on at the bungalow opposite that evening, for the whole place was brilliantly lighted up, and I met Hai Ling going in dressed in his clothes of state. At midnight, the manager, Lawson, and I crept downstairs, through the office, and into the Treasury. It was a wild night of snow and wind, and the watchmen were curled up in their corners fast asleep. We took up our positions in the Treasury, each one behind a pile of dollar bags or 'yen' boxes, each of us with a dark-lantern, and each armed with a revolver. In a few minutes there was a grating sound just in front of and under the pile of bags behind which I was hidden. It continued for some time, and was intermingled with occasional groans. Then there was a crack, and a thin ray of light was visible in the iron

floor. Scarcely daring to breathe, so great was my interest, I watched. Gradually the line of light grew broader, and presently the whole plate, some two feet broad by four feet long, was raised up, gently and gradually, and laid over. Then a head appeared. The light below shone on the face, and I at once recognised our Comprador, Hai Ling. He emerged from below quietly and quickly, and stood so close to me that I could have touched him. A second head appeared. It was that of a Japanese, and he stood alongside the Comprador. A third came up, also a Japanese. They had walked beautifully into the trap.

They remained for a few moments listening; then swiftly and quietly they commenced to hand the boxes of gold 'yen' through the opening in the floor to somebody below. At that moment I gave a low whistle, and all three of us sprang out with cocked revolvers, and each seized his man. Hai Ling and his friends were so completely surprised by the suddenness and swiftness of our action that they neither uttered a sound nor made the least show of resistance. We turned our lanterns full on, and called in the watchmen—whose amazement at the scene presented to them can be better imagined than described—and then, having secured our prisoners, proceeded to explore their mode of access.

We found that a neat little tunnel had actually been cut through the concrete foundation of the Treasury, passing under our front garden and the road, and coming out exactly on the site of the shrub in the garden opposite. Here we found two Japanese gentlemen, who had taken flight along the tunnel when they heard the arrest of their friends, held fast by the policemen I had engaged.

So at one blow I laid Ah Moon's ghost. If I had not happened to read in the London newspaper how at Pompeii there had been discovered a tunnel cut from the surface and leading into one of the buried buildings, by treasure-hunters, the skeleton of one of whom was found, I should have been too late; the robbers would have carried out their design, and the Bank would have been the poorer by many thousands of dollars.

Mr Hai Ling got his deserts. His Japanese accomplices would have been executed on Tobé Hill but for the intervention of the British Consul; and I got promotion for my share in the laying of Ah Moon's Ghost.

GREEN: ITS SYMBOLISM.

THE symbolism of colours is a subject that covers a very wide field. In love and in war, in ecclesiasticism, in folklore, in dress, in art—in almost every department of life and of thought, colour, as a visible type or symbol of the unseen feeling or thought, has always played a very prominent part. The symbolism of Green is varied and curious, and not a little contradictory. Green is emphatically the colour of hope, of freshness, and of youth. The early ecclesiastical painters all associate it with hope. The wings and robes of Dante's angels that visited the souls in purgatory were green. This association may explain why Armado, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, declares that 'green is indeed the colour of lovers,' a sentiment

in which Shakespeare is supported by Browne, the sweet Devonshire singer, who says that

Green well befits a lover's heate,
But blacke besems a mourner.

This view of the colour's symbolism may also perhaps explain the many and appreciative references to green eyes to be found in the poets. Green eyes would hardly be reckoned as an element in either masculine or feminine beauty by most plain people; but the poets of many different countries have combined to celebrate their charm; and who have greater claims to be considered authorities on beauty than the poets? In *Romeo and Juliet*, the nurse, expatiating on the perfections of Romeo's rival, says:

An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath.

Dante, describing his meeting with Beatrice on the summit of the Purgatorial Mount, gives her eyes of this colour. Calderon, Cervantes, and other Spanish writers praise the eye of the emerald hue, in which they are imitated by Longfellow, in his *Spanish Student*, where he speaks of the 'young and green-eyed Gaditana.' But perhaps the poets do not intend to be so precise in their definition of colour as their words might imply. Green is of many shades, and poetical praise of emerald eyes may perhaps be best interpreted by Swinburne's beautiful lines in *Felise*:

O lips, that mine have grown into,
Like April's kissing May;
O fervid eyelids, letting through
Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
The bluest of things gray.

So much praise of green eyes is somewhat curious, when one recollects that the colour is so intimately associated with jealousy—the 'green-eyed monster' of Iago. But this is only a part of the contradictoriness of the symbolism of this chameleon-like colour. Green is the colour of lovers, and at the same time the colour of jealousy and of fickleness, and, if we may believe Chaucer, it is also the colour of avarice. In the *Romaunt of the Rose* he thus describes this unlovely personage:

Ful sade and caytif was she eek,
And also grene as ony leek.

But whatever may be the colour of avarice, the belief in green as a symbol of fickleness is very general. Chaucer's ballad *Against Women Unconstant* has for burden the line: 'Instead of blue, thus may ye wear all green;' and 'green, forsaken clean,' is a familiar saying; or, as it is often more elaborately put:

Green's forsaken;
Yellow's forsworn;
Blue's the colour
That must be worn.

In some country parts, when a younger sister

is married first, the elder is said to 'wear the green stockings;' and years ago in Scotland it was actually a common joke, when such an event happened, to send a pair of these undesirable stockings to the elder sister, to be worn at the dance which in the evening brought the wedding festivities to an end. It is perhaps partly owing to this association with inconstancy, and partly to the general ill-luck connected with green, that this colour is so generally tabooed in wedding costumes;

Married in May, and kirked in green,
Baith bride and bridegroom winna lang be seen.

One reason given for the avoidance of green in wedding dresses is that it is the chosen colour of the fairies; and the little people, as every one knows, are very quick to resent anything that may appear to them to be intended as an insult. At Lowland Scotch marriages of past times, even green vegetables were looked at askance, and kale was not allowed to adorn the table with its curly head. The combination of white and green appears to be particularly portentous, according to the old lines:

Those dressed in blue
Have lovers true;
In green and white
Forsaken quite.

It is another example of the curious inconsistency of the symbolism of green that the colour which is pre-eminently that of hope and of youth—with which it seems strange to connect aught but good fortune—should be also so generally regarded as unlucky. In some parts of the south of England rustic folks regard green with such aversion that they will not use it at all, either in dress or in the furnishing or decoration of their homes. A few years ago, a learned German, Dr Cassel of Berlin, published a little book on the emerald colour, in which he lays it down that green is the colour of the devil and of demons generally, and this position he supports by a multitude of instances gathered from various parts of Europe, showing its diabolical associations. The belief in demoniac agency and activity underlies a great part of those curious notions and observances of our forefathers which are now rapidly dying out, and this association of such agency with the colour green is doubtless at the bottom of the very general belief in its unluckiness.

Of course there have always been many people who have disregarded all such beliefs, and green has been worn many a time and oft. Planché tells us that about 1680 it was the favourite colour in clothes; and no idle superstition kept our archers and huntsmen of old from wearing suits of Lincoln green. A conspicuous instance of the love of this colour in costume is found in the person of Manfred, the famous South Italian king. We are particularly told that when, in the summer of 1259, he waited on the quay at Trani, in Apulia, to welcome his bride, the Princess Helen of Epirus, he was dressed in his favourite green, 'the colour of hope and youth.' On the other hand, and apart from the general superstition, there are particular families that regard the colour as of specially ill omen if worn by one of their members. It is held in ill repute by both the Ogilvies and the Grahams; and the

Sinclairs of Caithness look upon it as unlucky, because their forefathers, who fought and fell, almost to a man, at Flodden Field, were dressed in green on that fatal day.

A MOTHER'S GARDEN.

I SEE her in the dear, dead years,
Blest in her apt and tender ways;
I catch some sweet or humorous phrase;
She smiles; and then all disappears
In a quick mist of burning tears.

A minute, and she comes again,
And loiters where she loitered oft
Upon the long lawns, close and soft,
Tending the blossoms that might wane
With thirsting for the summer rain.

Like her own children, well she knew
The children of her garden-reach,
And ministered to all and each,
From woodbine striving for the blue,
To homely lavender and rue.

She loved the phlox on swaying stem,
The yellow lilies' brief, sweet bliss;
The delicate gray clematis,
And rustic Star of Bethlehem;
She watched and tended all of them.

And many a fragrant flower that yet
In fancy I can smell again
At eve, or after summer rain;
The stocks, so sweet when dewy-wet,
With pansies, wall-flow'rs, and mignonette.

And lavish roses; still I see
Her 'mid them; hear the names I know,
'The Moss Rose,' 'General Jacqueminot,'
'Saffroni,' and the dear old tree
'Tea-scented,' sweet as it could be.

But 'mid the many flowers that were
One might not thrive, and still apart
The childish longing takes my heart,
'Would that the Daphne had lived there,
Since this was so desired by her.'

But ah! what matter now; the grace
Is vanished of her gentle touch;
The heart that cared for all so much,
The noble mien, the loving face,
Have passed unto a higher place.

The walks, the lawns, the rustling trees,
The mimic wood for many a fern,
Expect no more her slow return;
New names, new voices catch the breeze,
And all is changed save memories;

But these are ours until life's slope
Dips down into the darkened dale;
And 'tis by these the Dead avail
To help us still, as still we grope
Toward their high, accomplished hope.

KATE CARTER.

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